

# Kodak Black, I'm So Awesome

Uh, hopped out to spray, then I hopped in the Wraith  
Yeah, I'm havin' fun today  
Step on these niggas and Dave and I play  
Yeah, that's what my mama say  
Get you some money, you stay here, you payed  
You can't be sittin' in my mansion all day  
I go to prison, I'm havin' my way  
Mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm  
Go to Morocco and fuck on a fine ho', I'm so, I'm so awesome  
Think how she fine and she gon' get designer  
No, bitch, you'll drop somethin'  
Jay my dawg, you know, he been my Whitney  
Fuck with him low and he known me since Peewee  
Remember them times I was fuckin' on Fifi  
Yeah, uh, thanks for them letters, real nice, you get CC  
All of my bitches be yellow, like Beezy  
Flex on these niggas, I make it look easy  
I'm draggin' my nuts, they be all on my Fiji  
Drippin' on these bitches, they eatin' my spit up  
Ran out of gas, I'ma need me a fill up  
She say I rate the bitch, no, but I bet her  
I got too much money, ain't doin' no sit-up  
Hopped out to spray, then I hopped in my bag  
Yeah, I'm in my Birkin  
Shoutout to Gucci, I think that's my dad  
Yeah, I was just jerkin'  
I hit the woah 'cause I like that lil' dance  
I be on go, you gon' live where you stand  
Pull out the Ghost, I'm too rich for a band  
Mmm, yeah  
Louis be callin' me Daddy and shit, uh, that's my baby  
Shorty be throwin' her kids on me, hmm, 'cause they need savin'  
This how I'm livin', I'm deadass  
End of your girl, your lil' head ass  
Like when you callin' me Daddy, haha  
Daddy, Zaddy, pullin' up, I'm on the addy  
They searched the crib and I still got a gun in the attic  
I done got real and established  
This wasn't 'posed to happen, 'cause I was just jackin' and stuff  
I turn a nigga to maggots, yeah, he dead, flies everywhere  
I done created the fabric y'all niggas be jackin', so they gotta pay me to wear  
[?], nigga, drink  
But I'm drinkin', you need a license to share  
I'ma see y'all like a Z and I Z who I Z, that's just the way that I am  
[?], nigga, drink, but I drank it, I tank it  
I keep some saks in the MAC and it shake in my blanket, the blanket  
I keep security 'cause I'm tired of shootin'  
I be on tears and my eyes be googly  
Big dumbass rupees on all of my toothies  
Ass shots, I put that fire on your booty  
Hop in and spray soon as I hop out the coochie  
I'm a clean lil' nigga, I'm awesome  
I got a whole lotta demands  
I ain't want a Benz, so I bought my dawg one  
I don't be countin' the Maybach truck  
Even though it's a Benz, I don't it count though  
Thirty inch rounds, gotta mount it though  
I'ma treat you like you weren't my ram before  
Candy paint Lambo', just hopped out to spray  
I keep some bands on me, just to go play  
Run out of family, you niggas okay  
You ain't got no parents and you just in my way  
Step on these niggas, I stand on the hoes  
Cutthroat nigga, yeah, anythin' go

I hop out the 'Ville, fixin' my pistol  
Pounce out on niggas, I look like I'm Tiger